

# SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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## A NEEDLESS STRUGGLE.

About the best argument extant for international peace is furnished in the bitter struggle which seems now to be drawing to a close in the Balkans.  
 For years, longer than the oldest war correspondent is willing to count, wars in the Balkans which were always about to break out but which never did, were the standing joke of paragoners. Many scores of column-long articles have been written covering many years predicting that war would break out there soon.  
 For there seemed every reasonable incentive to war, with a group of warlike independent mountainous nations exposed to the cruelties of the moslem Turks just across the border. But these wars never came—until this year.

Last spring the Balkan nations working with a common understanding and with an organized division of the work that aroused the admiration of all Europe attacked the Turk to the north, to the south, to the west. Each army had its appointed task to accomplish. The Turks, torn by internal dissensions and attacked so bitterly from so many points, fell back in helpless disorder and rout. Only the threat of intervention by the powers kept a foothold in Europe for the once invincible descendants of Mohammed.

The Balkan soldiers displayed unusual military ability, heroism, fortitude, discipline. They won, and the world applauded their victory.  
 Then they fell to quarreling over the spoils.

Bulgaria, which had the biggest share in the war, had spent the most money and lost the most men, demanded more than a lion's share of the spoils. And the other Balkan states promptly turned against Bulgaria while the wily Turk, making hay while the sun shone, promptly recovered most of his conquered territory, including Adrianople, which had been taken at so fearful a cost. There was absolutely no necessity for this second war. Bulgaria paid dearly for her selfishness, and Serbia and Greece will get a better share of the spoils.

But Serbia and Greece lose even while they win. There is no accession of territory, no enlargement of regal domains that will compensate those 70,000 families who lost their sons or husbands or fathers in this second struggle—nearly twice as many as were lost in the war against the Turk.

And Bulgaria must pay twice dearly, must pay in loss of prestige and in the other greater loss of 60,000 men. The death of those men stand in protest against the selfish ambitions of Bulgarian statesmanship.

At the end of the Turkish war the finances of the Balkan nations were strained. The people must pay larger taxes to take care of a war debt of half a billion. Agriculture and industry had been neglected, crops lost by lack of men to husband them. And there were 130,000 less men to take up the fight for a livelihood, to bear the nation's fiscal burdens.

Yet with these fearful conditions the Balkan nations must run into another selfish fight for spoils. It was inexcusable. The dispute could have been settled by arbitration. There was no issue of national honor involved. By rushing into war the heads of these nations committed nothing less than a crime against 130,000 men, now dead, and against their families, now bereaved and desolate.

## A SIGNIFICANT EVENT.

Within the next three months, approximately, the finishing stroke will be given the Panama canal. It will be no gentle touch, as it will be administered with dynamite, but will form a spectacular climax to the world's most difficult and significant engineering achievement.

Col. Goethals announces that the waters of Gatun lake will be turned into the canal Oct. 10. The barrier of rock and earth which now holds these waters back will be shattered by a mighty explosion of dynamite, and like the shot that opened the war of the revolution it will be heard round the world.

The significance of this event can scarcely be comprehended. We contemplate mainly its material aspect. We think of the procession of vessels moving between the two great oceans over the placid waters of the canal and the tons of freight they will carry. We are impressed with the wonderful facility of intercourse the canal will provide, with the opportunities for extending commerce it will furnish. We have visions, not of empire, perhaps, but of increased prosperity and added power in the commercial and political world.

There is another view which holds even greater significance, which means more to mankind than the convenient shipment of the necessities and luxuries of life, and that is the sentimental side. Among all the agencies that have operated to

make the world smaller, to bring the people of the earth together and to establish on a firm and lasting basis the brotherhood of man, the Panama canal will be the most powerful.

The Suez canal opened the gateway from the west to the east for the peoples of the European and Asiatic continents and of the world at large, but compared with the work on the isthmus of Panama it was like cutting a communicating door from one room to another. The Panama canal removes all partitions and throws the international mansion into one great room.

Nations are suspicious of each other and antagonistic because of isolation or restraint. Close association and community of interest bring understanding and recognition of the good that dwells in each. The Panama canal will open the way for these things, will encourage them, compel them by the moral force of common interests, and for more rapid progress in civilization and Christianity than we have yet seen.

Let us try to appreciate the sentimental side and not be too engrossed in the material aspect. When the former gets its full recognition the latter will follow fawning.

## SITUATION CLEARED UP.

"Emergency accident cases will be taken care of by the city and the hospitals without question or delay." This statement by Simon Greenbaum, director of Epworth hospital will go far toward clearing up any lack of understanding that may exist with reference to such cases as brought up the temporary conflict between the police department and the hospital Tuesday night.

Following the clash came a better understanding. This is as it often happens in many things. Just as men come to know and appreciate each other better after a struggle.

Here is the situation. A man is hurt. He needs medical and surgical attention at once. The city guarantees that he shall get it and the hospital stands ready to do its part, cheerfully and without question.

It makes no difference how the man was hurt. It makes no difference whether it was his own fault or not. It makes no difference whether he is able to pay for the service or not.

The only thing that counts then is the need of immediate attention and this the city and the hospital will see to it that he gets. If he is unable to pay for the service, well and good. If not, he is all the more in need of help—and he gets it.

The little difficulty at Epworth seems to have arisen out of the remark of one attendant, who spoke without the authority or direction of the heads of the hospital. The hospital board will see to it that such occurrences are not repeated, for the hospital board and its splendid organization of nurses, surgeons and superintendents realize their duty toward the public more fully perhaps than the public itself and stands ready to do its part.

## THE DANGERS OF MENDACITY.

By Berton Braley.

It takes a brainy man to lie and freely get away with it, to twist the honest truth awry and very blithely play with it; the stupid man who lies is caught and people soon get wise to him, his fabrications come to naught and "failures" well applies to him.

In fact, the ordinary chap who trifles with veracity discovers soon he's in the trap made by his own mendacity, he's tangled in an awful mess of whopping fibs and little ones, and lies that seemed a huge success prove very frail and brittle ones.

And so, unless your intellect is better than the run of them, the folk you meet will all detect your lies—and fall for none of them; it takes a man of high class mind to be without betraying it, and such a man you'll always find too wise to be essaying it.

More than 2,000 subscribers to the Dayton flood prevention fund paid their subscriptions in fully July 1, instead of the five per cent provided for. Prudence and public spirit combined to bring about this gratifying result.

It is believed in Washington that an understanding between Japan and the United States has been reached, and that the jingoes will soon be out of a job again.

If Mr. Bryan should need any advisers he has only to let it be known. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of people in this and other countries eager to point the only way.

About this time the railroads should be reminded that the crops will have to be moved this fall, in order that they may provide for the usual car shortage.

Still, for the good of the community.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Place has not utterly displaced the editor of the Tribune.

If one hasn't too much imagination he can listen to the rattle of the coal the last of July with considerable complacency.

The proposition to put the New York police in armor reminds us that our "best evens" are still wearing their winter clothes.

Judging from the antics at the C. of C. picnic the enumerators overlooked a hundred or two children of school age.

We can see now that Ambassador Wilson was never intended for a diplomat. He talks more like the advance agent of a circus.

More than 3,500,000 acres of land are held for game preserves in Scotland. They found it wasn't good for anything else.

We observe the president is not excited over the grave situation in Mexico. Just as we expected.

Foreigners in China are forcibly reminded just now that there is no place like home.

Will the Tribune be able to safely steer between Scylla, Place and Charybdis Swygart?

The vacation season is long enough to give everybody a chance, if he has the price.

We don't like to be forced into a rumrump, but Mexico should understand that it can be done.

Swat the flies.

## THE TEETH NEED EXERCISE; IS ALL YOUR FOOD LIKE PAP?

Do you take care of your teeth? Do you recognize the fact that good teeth are a valuable asset in maintaining the general health of your entire body?

Do you know that the kind of food you eat has an effect upon the condition of your teeth?

Teeth, as any other organ of the body, need exercise! This exercise must not be too severe, of course, especially if the teeth are not used to it.

You will remember that the savage, who is accustomed to chewing and biting tough fibrous foods, usually has very fine teeth.

The tendency, as civilization increased, has been to eat softer foods. And the result is that foods which require real chewing have become disliked and often eliminated from the daily diet.

Cooking, soaking, grinding and other means are resorted to nowadays to save the trouble of chewing when the food which needs chewing has been retained in the daily food list.

This state of affairs has caused the teeth to forget their old cunning. Nature, finding there was little or no need for strong teeth, has failed to provide them.

But it is a grave question whether this "age of pap," as it has been called, should be allowed to continue. Teeth are an attractive feature of the human face, as well as a useful member of the digestive apparatus of the body.

Let's not give them a chance to disappear because of lack of use. Let us put some foods which require chewing into our daily diet. Let us give our teeth some exercise and preserve these valuable aids to good health.

Don't soak your bread in the tea and then eat it. The hard crust is good for your teeth and your stomach.

Don't let the "age of pap" deny you the pleasure and the profit of a good sound set of teeth.

## Editorials by Our Readers

This column is open for discussion of topics of interest by News-Times readers. Writers must sign name and address to their communications, though not necessarily for publication. Articles must be kept within reasonable length. Must avoid controversial religious subjects and personalities. The News-Times assumes no responsibility for opinions here expressed.

## Editor News-Times:

As I read Mr. J. B. Stoll's frantic defense of the present South Bend administration and Mr. Joyce in particular, noting all their good works for the elevation of the city, and as he pictured Mr. Joyce, etc., marching under the banner of righteousness, I "wept a mighty weep," to think that this "cruel pepul" should suggest that this administration have not fulfilled its duties with a singleness of eye. What a beautiful thing for the administration to do—blot out gambling, by way of the slot machine.

With the tears still streaming down my cheeks, I lie myself to the barbers for a shave. Gadzooks and Godelphus! What is this? A slot machine? "Sure, Mike." I just got three of a kind.

Finding it necessary to have a smoke to steady my nerves after the shock, I visited the cigar store, and was dumfounded to find four in full blast, and a further visit to a poolroom revealed the fact that they too were supplied, and had as an added attraction card gambling.

Bewildered at this seeming contradiction of Mr. Stoll's statement, my mind wandered back to last Sabbath, and I thought of several saloons in the downtown district which I passed, and where the side door traffic seemed to be much larger than would be contributed by the family of the saloon keeper. Remembering that there was a law prohibiting the saloons doing business on the Sabbath—a great sadness fell upon me, for it would seem that those angels of righteousness—pictured by Mr. Stoll—must have that great affliction, blindness. How I did grieve for them.

Yours faithfully,  
 ALEXANDER McCausland.

## SUFFRAGETS BURN TENT AT GOODWOOD RACE TRACK

LONDON, July 31.—Suffragets were suspected Thursday when the luncheon tent, adjoining the grand stand at the Goodwood race track was burned. The Goodwood races, now on, are the last of the season's fashionable turf events, and King George and Queen Mary have been attending. The tent and all its contents were burned in a rather mysterious manner Thursday and the Scotland Yard detectives guarding the place, blamed the fire on the militants.

# THE SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES



O you kid! Swings your lid! Don't sob "Farewell," 'cause it can't be did. Hear that tubgoot puffin', hear those stokers stuffin'. Gee, ain't this lot of fun—it sure takes the muffin. Glide, slide! Let's get on deck. There's Mammy and Sammy and Granny, by heck! Wave to shore "Good-bye galore. Should old acquaintance be forgot. We'll be woin', yes, we'll be doin' That crazy Auld Lang Syne Rag!

The foregoing effort does not aim to be a poem. It simply couldn't without being arrested. But it's the way "Auld Lang Syne" will be rendered in the near future when ocean liners take their departure. At present it is the custom on many ocean steamers for a cornet player to play "Auld Lang Syne" just as they are about to hoist the gangplank. The cornet plays it with "expression." He puts into the piece all the throbs and quavers he can—and still keep on the safe side of hiccoughs. The result is that several hundred passengers and their friends on the dock are moved to gushes of tears.



There's not a dry eye within hearing distance, even on the fish in the harbor.

Now a leading steamship line announces that the "Auld Lang Syne" artist, with his brass weep-starter is to be firmly and decisively choked. That is, unless he is willing to play ragtime, for ragtime and nothing but ragtime will figure in the musical program on sailing day.

# THE MELTING POT

## THE COMMON LOT.

I questioned once when my heart was sad,  
 Tho' the skies were blue and all nature glad,  
 Where is the beauty that lies in Life?  
 To me it is only an endless strife.  
 I see in the eyes of all I meet,  
 I see in the faces that pass on the street  
 The marks of the cares that are bitter  
 and deep.  
 The shadows of tears that the strong  
 must weep.  
 I see men's shoulders low-bend with  
 care,  
 I look with pain on the silvered hair,  
 And I know that man has not lived or  
 died,  
 Who has not struggled in sorrow's  
 tide,  
 But, somehow, the thought of our  
 destiny  
 And our common lot appeals to me.  
 The beauty in Life I fain would find,  
 Lies in my love for human kind.  
 Tho' you are as rich as I am poor,  
 Our lot is the same, the Hand most  
 sure  
 Is raised in a power omnipotent.  
 And an equal lot, of sorrow blent  
 With joy and peace and the pain of  
 strife,  
 Is the beauty that thrills me with love  
 of Life.

HEATRICE E. HARMON.  
 WE are apt to lavish a lot of sympathy on the "struggling masses", eking out a scant livelihood by the sweat of their brows until we go to some lakeside resort and find the people we thought were "struggling" in ill ventilated shops are taking their comfort in the shade or fishing when the sun isn't too hot.

Silence Accounted For.  
 By wireless from Marblehead, Mass., July 30.—Your investigating committee has discovered that old J. C. E. is breaking in a new Pierce Arrow and is stopping only at gasoline stations. No chance for an interview.

PEOPLE suffering from the heat are advised that by trying to light a pipe with their last match they can start a breeze.

THERE seems to be some merit to the claim made in the "Questions and Answers" department of the Indianapolis News that the words loafer and loafer are of Yankee origin. One of the dictionaries, at least, gives the words as a derivative from the Ger-

man word lauffer, but as the definition of that word is to run we fail to see the analogy. The first known use of the word loafer in print was made in the early part of the 19th century in a humorous sketch entitled "The Late Ben Smith, Loafer," of whom the following verses were written:  
 "Toll, toll the watchhouse bell,  
 Sound loud the sad conch shell,  
 For Ben is gone!  
 He did no harm—all's well:  
 A-whistling brave he fell—  
 His loafing's done.  
 Weep, docks, wharves, cotton bags!  
 Ben greets no more with rags  
 Your honored beds.  
 A little here he lagged,  
 Then to his heaven Ben jagged,  
 And dropped his shreds."  
 WE may add, by way of a supplement, that if this is true the word has gained remarkable vogue for the time it has had.

ON the title page of the October (1912) number of the Century magazine the title of the principal article is announced, as we note by a copy lying before us. It reads: "President Taft's Views on Socialism." We have a good mind to read it.

"The month has come," the calendar says,  
 "To think of vacation,  
 Of trunks and bags and bank accounts.  
 What's the indication?  
 Is it freezing cold up North  
 Or should we visit our relation?"  
 E. G. B.

With sincere apology to Lewis Carol.  
 AND then, too, the split skirt may foreshadow the split ballot.

When the Folks Are Away.  
 The porch is all littered with papers  
 And candidates' bills by the score;  
 There are also a lot that will tell you  
 What you can buy at the store.  
 The grass needs a haircut badly,  
 The garden has all gone to weeds,  
 And the wind that moans through  
 their sadly  
 Is scattering broadcast their seeds.

MORE encouragement for the back to the land movement. The farmers will get \$50,000,000 more for their wheat this year than last.  
 BUT we can't get back before next year.  
 C. N. F.

# THE UNIVERSAL FATE.

BY BERTON BRALEY.

Each rose has its pricker,  
 Each food has its germ,  
 Each Eden its serpent,  
 Each plant has its worm,  
 Each horse has its bridle,  
 Each dog has its fleas,  
 The world's full of worries  
 Exactly like these!

Each road has its hummocks,  
 Each lining its cloud,  
 Each wedding its knockers,  
 Who gossip out loud!

In fact, all things earthly,  
 Have worries and woes,  
 And no life is perfect,  
 And every one knows  
 That trouble comes sometime  
 To everyone's lot,  
 And does that console us?  
 Well, I should say not!

# NELSON H. KYSER

Democratic Candidate for

# MAYOR

Will hold the following mass meeting:

Tuesday Evening — Colfax School.

Wednesday Evening—Linden School.

Thursday Evening — Elder School.

Friday Evening—River Park School.

All voters are invited. You have heard the other candidates. Hear me.  
 Advertisement.

# L. L. ROBERTS,

# CHIROPODIST

Hard and Soft Corns Removed, Bunions, Enlarged Joints and Ingrown Nails Treated.  
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# SAILORS

# Great Dollar Sale

One Dollar down and One Dollar a week will buy any article in our store up to \$25 — These terms are for a limited time only.

# "I Wish"

# "I Will"

"I wish" is the dividing line between desire and attainment. Nothing is ever attained by wishing unless there's the will to do it.  
 The man or woman who says "I will have money," and begins that minute to save, will generally have their desires gratified. The determination back of the desire spurs them on to greater effort. Opportunities are theirs that never come to the moneyless, thriftless spender.  
 Stop wishing. Start saving—today—H.B.E.  
 We pay 4 percent interest on Savings Accounts. A dollar is all you need to start one. Will you do it?

# ST. JOSEPH COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.

THE ST. JOSEPH LOAN & TRUST CO.

# St. Mary's Grounds

Not Open to Public

The authorities at St. Mary's have decided that hereafter the grounds of the institution will not be opened to the public.

Owing to the imposition of some persons who have been freely allowed the use of the grounds, this decision has become necessary. The speeding of automobiles, besides being a menace to safety, has also aided in damaging the drive-ways and shrubbery.

Persons who have business with the institution, or have children in attendance there, will find no difficulty in enjoying the same privileges as in the past and they shall receive courteous attention at all times.

# Visitor's Received

During the vacation months, visitors who wish to be shown through the buildings at St. Mary's will be accommodated on Tuesday's and Thursday's from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

# HIRAM C. KRIEGBAUM

FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
 303 S. Main St.  
 Phone—Home 5005; Bell 905.



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The trade drawing power of a well lighted store is too well recognized to require discussion.

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In the meantime ask him to give you the latest facts about light and lamps. He will tell you how to increase the attraction of your store, without increasing your present light bill.

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